Wichita Eagle

THE SONS OF CLERGYMEN

MANY OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN OF THE DAY.

Levi P. Morton's Father Was a Minister, So Was Grover Cleveland's and Justice Brewer's and Senator Colquitt's and Oliver Wendell Holmes'—A Long List.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—The scoffing world occasionally has the opportunity of quoting the old adage, "Clergymen's sons and deacons' daughters," etc. The remainder of the couplet is not quoted, but there is an accompanying shrug of the shoulders and elevation of the eyebrows which plainly interprets the sentiment intended to be expressed, viz., that clergymen's sons and deacons' daughters are as prone to go to the bad as sparks are to fly upward.

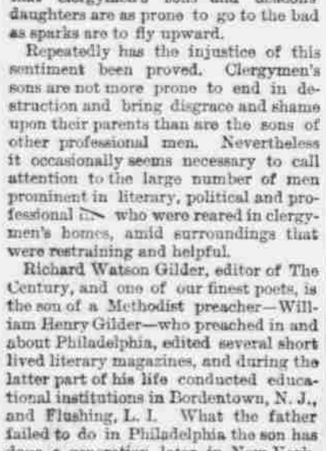
HENRY JAMES.

Repeatedly has the injustice of this sentiment been proved. Clergymen's sons are not more prone to end in destruction and bring disgrace and shame upon their parents than are the sons of other professional men. Nevertheless it occasionally seems necessary to call attention to the large number of men prominent in literary, political and professional life who were reared in clergymen's homes, amid surroundings that were restraining and helpful.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century, and one of our finest poets, is the son of a Methodist preacher—William Henry Gilder—who preached in and about Philadelphia, edited several short lived literary magazines, and during the latter part of his life conducted educational institutions in Bordentown, N. J., and Flushing, L. I. What the father failed to do in Philadelphia the son has done, a generation later, in New York. But it is quite possible that if the father had had the mechanical and typographical work on his periodicals done by the same man who does the work for The Century he might not have failed.

Mr. Theodore De Vinne, who prints The Century and St. Nicholas, is the son of a Methodist preacher well known in Louisiana and Mississippi, not only as a preacher but as an author.

But few of the admirers of Henry James, the novelist, know that his father was a theologian who, after leaving Princeton Theological seminary because of doctrinal differences, became a member of the Sandemanian sect and finally, in the main, adopted the views of Swedenborg. His most intimate friends in this country were the Transcendentalists of New England, and in England he enjoyed the friendship of Carlyle. 'Twas such a man, with such a bent of mind, who reared the clever author of "Daisy Miller" and the numerous other "international" novels which have made the name of Henry James famous.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There are no names in American literature that stand higher than those of George Bancroft, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. They are all clergymen's sons. Bancroft several years ago wrote: "Being more than fourscore years old I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I await without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

Turning from literature to politics, it will be remembered that ex-President Grover Cleveland is the son of the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, and was born in the Presbyterian parsonage in Caldwell, N. J., and was named after another Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Stephen Grover. Mr. Cleveland's predecessor, Chester A. Arthur, was the son of a Baptist clergyman.

The present vice president of the United States is the son of Rev. Daniel O. Morton and Lucretia Parsons, who lived up among the hills of Vermont, and on the savings of a meager salary endeavored to send their son Levi to Middlebury college. When partially through his course he was obliged to enter commercial life.

There are but few names better known in southern Presbyterianism than that of Breckinridge. No name is more honored in the "Bluegrass" state, and one of the most eloquent and able of southern congressmen today is the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, the son of Rev. Robert Breckinridge and the nephew of the Rev. John Breckinridge.

Kentucky's eloquent congressman inherits from his ancestors mental ability, oratorical power and social standing; but more than that, he has the old time family regard for religion and good morals. Hence it is not surprising to find him the active champion of Sabbath observance, an eloquent defender of the Bible and a staunch upholder of Presbyterianism. Two years ago, when the northern and southern Presbyterians met in Philadelphia for a celebration of the centennial of Presbyterianism, Congressman Breckinridge delivered one of the most interesting and loyal addresses.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, is the son of a Methodist preacher, who combined, as have many other men in the south, the legal and ministerial professions. Senator Colquitt is an ardent Methodist, and can be counted on to favor the right rather than party interests where the two clash.

The father of Senator Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, was the Rev. Francis Hawley, a Baptist clergyman and an active anti-slavery orator. Senator Hawley has always been regarded as one of the ablest and most upright of politicians, and as an editor and senator has always defended good morals. He is a Congregationalist.

When President Harrison appointed David J. Brewer, of Kansas, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States he selected a clergyman's son. Justice Brewer is the son of the Rev. Josiah Brewer, who was one of the first volunteers of the A. B. C. F. M. for the missionary field. Leaving the hills of Massachusetts Mr. Brewer went out to Smyrna, Asia Minor, in 1880, and it was there—on missionary ground—that the son David was born.

When Justice Brewer had taken the oath of office and donned the official robes he received no heartier welcome from any of his colleagues than was given him by his uncle, the Hon. Stephen J. Field, of California, another supreme court judge who is a clergyman's son.

Judge Field is a member of that remarkable quartet of brothers of which

DAVID J. BREWER.

David Dudley, the jurist; Cyrus W., the projector and capitalist, and Henry W., the editor and traveler, are the other members.

Their father was the Rev. David Dudley Field, of Haddam, Conn., and Stockbridge, Mass., who was a typical New England divine. The son, David Dudley Field, is the man of whom an English chancellor has said, "He has done more for the reform of laws than any other man living." His work, "The Outlines of an International Code," has been translated into French, Italian and Chinese, and the author has a rank among jurists unsurpassed by any in the land.

Justice Stephen J. Field is one of the ablest and oldest members of that court, which in dignity and power has no peer among the tribunals of the world.

Cyrus W. Field will go down to history as the man whose foresight and courage made the first Atlantic cable a verity in 1866, after a struggle and discouragements that would have disheartened most men. John Bright said of him that he was "the Columbus who had moored the New World alongside the Old." His latter years have been spent in the management of vast financial interests, and until 1888 he was the proprietor of The New York Mail and Express.

Henry W. Field, of The Evangelist, is one of the best known and most influential of religious editors. He has traveled widely, made hosts of friends, and given thousands of readers pleasure by his graphic description of the lands he has visited and the men he has seen.

Another remarkable quartet of clergymen's sons is found in the Abbott family. Benjamin V. Abbott, recently deceased, was, and Austin Abbott is, known to lawyers throughout the land as a compiler of legal text books which are standard authorities. Rev. Lyman Abbott is the editor of The Christian Union and pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn,

STEPHEN J. FIELD.

Henry Ward Beecher's old church. Rev. Edward Abbott is a scholarly Protestant Episcopal clergyman, who was chosen by the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal church to be missionary bishop in Japan, but he declined the honor. These men are the sons of Rev. Jacob Abbott.

These are only a few clergymen's sons, outside of the clerical profession, who have deservedly attained prominence.

GEO. C. MORRIS.

Our Reputation.

The Baron—But sef you really love me like you say I see not of reason for that we would not marry.

American Summer Girl—Yes, I know; but—it's those other two men that I am already engaged to.

The Baron—But they are Americans, is it not?

A. S. G.—Oh, yes.

The Baron—Ah, ze good luck zen! Zey are accustomed to it.—Life.

Went Right to the Spot.

Alphonse—Ah, Gertrude, what a fine knowledge of anatomy you have.

Gertrude—How do you mean?

Alphonse—It only took you a minute to find my heart.—Boston Times.

Wanted—A Substitute for Her Husband.

Lazy Russ—Marier, they've invented a watch that splits seconds.

Mrs. Lazy Russ—Dew tell! Well, I wish they'd invent one ter split firewood.—Jewelers' Weekly.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

The Usual Experience of a Swell City Girl.

COST OF A HABIT AND HAT.

The Antics of the School Horse Sometimes Less Alarming Than Those of the Riding Master Who Wishes to Capture an Heiress—In the Park.

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The wealthy, country bred young woman has a pony conveniently lodged in her own stable. She can don her habit in her cozy, well appointed chamber, and then set off from her front doorstep for a breezy gallop over a good area of country. Happy she, with no idea of the red tape girdling the metropolitan belle of similar proclivities.

IN THE RIDING ACADEMY.

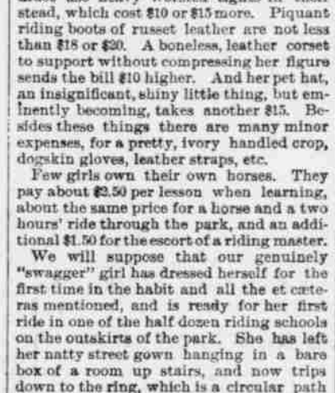
Only young women with large incomes can afford to ride in New York, for it costs, oh, how it costs! There is only one pleasure more expensive, and that is the delight of cruising in one's own steam yacht.

In the first place our would-be equestrienne must buy herself an eminently correct habit of the very latest cut, and she must make up her mind to pay whatever outrageous price is asked for it. This is seldom less than $100. If she doesn't wear trousers under her narrow skirt (and these, by the way, are losing popularity) she must use heavy worsted tights in their stead, which cost $10 or $15 more. Piquant riding boots of russet leather are not less than $18 or $20. A boneless, leather corset to support without compressing her figure sends the bill $10 higher. And her pet hat, an insignificant, shiny little thing, but eminently becoming, takes another $15. Besides these things there are many minor expenses, for a pretty, ivory handled crop, dogskin gloves, leather straps, etc.

Few girls own their own horses. They pay about $2.50 per lesson when learning, about the same price for a horse and a two hours' ride through the park, and an additional $1.50 for the escort of a riding master.

We will suppose that our genuinely "swagger" girl has dressed herself for the first time in the habit and all the et cæteras mentioned, and is ready for her first ride in one of the half dozen riding schools on the outskirts of the park. She has left her natty street gown hanging in a bare box of a room up stairs, and now trips down to the ring, which is a circular path covered with tan bark, a high glass roof admitting the sunlight. Here she finds a "school" horse, generally a very bony, awkward and utterly unlovable animal, awaiting her. A riding master poses beside it. He is a foppishly attired man of foreign appearance, with an accent and a mustache—always a mustache if he is a German, and usually a blond one; an imperial if he is a Frenchman, which, by the way, gives his face a wicked, Satanic cast, considered rather attractive by the girls.

If you have never watched a young woman take her first lesson on a horse's back you have missed something. The same little scream which breaks from her when she is bathing in the surf and an unexpected wave slaps her on the back becomes one of the features of a first riding lesson. She gives the ghost of a scream when the suave riding master takes her little booted foot in his palm to teach her the spring into the saddle. She gives another when she finds she can't possibly stay on and the horse will insist on going. Then she is sure to lose her stirrup, or the pommel hurts her, or her skirt will not stay down,



EARLY MORNING IN THE PARK.

or her hat falls off, and all of these things make her scream and laugh and blush and question and exclaim in a really bewildering way. She flops, bounces, rolls, indeed she falls all over the horse, whose patience is proverbial, and who never loses his dignity however much she may lose hers.

Sometimes she pouts in despair, and then it is the delightful duty of the master to encourage her. The more she bumps the more he enthuses, and he assures her in dulcet, accented phrases that she will be a bold and dashing rider yet; that his dear friend the Countess of This-or-That, now the best rider in Europe, was more awkward when she commenced, etc., etc.

At last after a hard hour, during which she has been shown how a good seat may be obtained, how to trot, canter, gallop, etc., she goes home a very sore and rather disgusted young woman. Indeed I knew of one who after her first lesson had her dinner served on a mantel shelf, and ate it standing up.

Twenty-five or thirty lessons in the ring are sufficient to give her confidence, and then comes her first trot in the park, the first time she finds herself one of the dashing cavalcade on the Reservoir road. Oh, how delightful it is, how free, how glad! Her horse, now well under her control, bears her noiselessly with a soft, undulating movement over the soft tan bark of the bridle path. She finds herself flashing from sunlight into shadow, now with the branches of the trees almost brushing her cheeks, now in open space, with acres of breeze swept blue sky above. She does not need the admiring or envying glances of the people on the paths to tell her that she is absolutely bewitching from the tip of her russet boot to the top of her jaunty hat.

People may say what they please about the long, graceful skirts worn in our mother's time which swept on the breeze yards behind the rider. Perhaps they were more womanly graceful, perhaps the habit of today is just a little bit prononnce, just a little bit immodest. Nevertheless a bright faced, genuinely tailor made girl seated on a fine horse is a refreshing sight. I am quite sure, too, that it is the boyish ensemble of waistcoat, cravat, pot hat and the little glimpse of trousers, all in such chic contradiction to her dimpled pink and white prettiness, that constitute her charm.

A proof of this lies in the fact that flirtations on horseback are rife. "A troop of damsels glad" with fully three cavaliers apiece is a usual sight, and a coquettish glance shot from beneath a shadowy hat brim before the saucy wearer flies off for an independent canter does more damage to the heart of the man following than an hour's tete-a-tete in a crowded, conventional ballroom.

Our swell girl, however, cannot have an assortment of admirers with her except in the afternoon. In New York men have to work, and the richer they are the harder they seem to go at it, so early rides are almost impossible for them. But the cool mornings of spring, when every leaf in the park is "a-glowing and a-blowing," are so tempting to the healthy girl rider that she frequently goes alone. It is not considered safe nor exactly proper, however, for her to ride off independently, like heroines in novels, so she pays for the escort of a riding master.

But, dear me, you'd never think he was only a "master." He is always exquisitely dressed, has white hands and a small waist. You'd put him down at once as a German prince or a French marquis of the last regime, and you'd be quite right—at least he says so. I have yet to hear of a riding master who was not of noble birth, at very least a count, compelled by cruel fortune or a cruel government to earn his living at some gentlemanly occupation. Now what could be more gentlemanly than teaching possibly impressionable young heiresses how to ride?

Ah, these unfinished romances, how they blossom and die prematurely during a season's rides! Summer comes and calls the fair one off to spa or seaside, and by the time the trees in the accustomed paths are turning red the riding master is forgotten altogether, or he has to begin again with a foreknowledge of crushing defeat making him sad. But do not pity him! His affections are of the rubber ball stamp, and after each discouraging rebuff they bound anew at the appearance of a new heiress in the field.

For a long time it was a mystery how a certain young blonde count attached to one of the prominent schools could always single out the wealthy girls. It was whispered that he gave bouquets, recited Heine's most exquisite love poems and literally went down on his knees in the tan bark of a certain remote path just beyond the park proper to no less than ten young women, each with an independent bank account, and ten times was he refused. The query was, how did he know they had the "gold?" Alas for the littleness of men in general and of German riding masters in particular! It was discovered that this Teutonic Don Juan with an eye to the main chance had bribed the habit maker patronized by most of the pupils to ascertain correctly for him the fortune as near as possible of all the riders.

It is satisfactory to know that said habit maker, contracting a secret grudge against this mercenary count, fibbed to him about the expectations of a sallow, uninteresting young woman who had just joined the school. She succumbed to the master's tawny mustache and liquid tones and they were married secretly. When the time came "to tell papa" the truth was discovered. Let us smilingly fancy the count's ire when he found that his wife was one of six daughters who kept up appearances while the cupboard was bare. She had not a sou.

EVELYN MALCOLM.

THE LONG SKIRTS OF OUR MOTHERS.

How He Won Her.

"Miriam, my dear," said George Charles Dusenberry, "will you marry me?"

The proud and stately beauty shook her head.

"Be my wife," urged the young man, "and you shall ride in a stylish carriage behind a pair of seal brown bays."

"It is a great temptation, George, but I must say no."

"You shall have all the ice cream you can eat and go to the opera every night in the week."

The regal maiden shook her lovely head.

"We will go to the mountains every summer, or to the seaside if you prefer, and you shall have the loveliest bathing suits imaginable."

"No, George; do not ask me. I do not wish to marry."

"I'll give up smoking and the club, and never step out of the house at night."

"I am sorry to appear so obstinate, George; but really it is of no use to think of such a thing as marriage now."

"I have unlimited credit in all the stores in the city, and you shall go shopping every afternoon of the world."

"Oh, George, you dear boy!" exclaimed the girl, throwing herself on his neck, "I am yours."—William Henry Siviter in Judge.

A Noble Fight.

Smith—I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you had failed in business.

Brown—Yes, I struggled hard; but I lost everything save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble.—Fireside Companion.

Two Tastes That Meet as One.

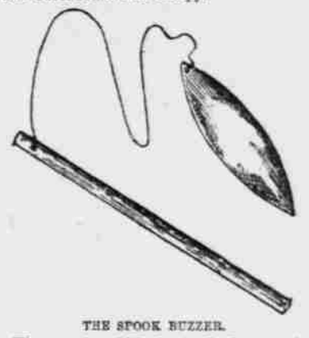
She (puckering up her pretty lips)—I really think I must have a taste for whistling.

He (as he samples the tempting pucker)—And I really think that I must have a taste of it.—Burlington Free Press.

Blood Curdling Sounds.

What is a spook buzzer?

It is a fiendish invention made by tying to the ferrule of a stout hickory cane two yards of twine, to the further end of which is attached a piece of basswood, shaved down very thin, oval in shape and about nine inches long. An able bodied young man who holds on to the handle of the cane and lashes the combination through the air can produce a series of wierd and unearthly noises that, heard late at night, cannot fail to strike terror to the hearts of the timorous and even make the brave feel somewhat creepy.



THE SPOOK BUZZER.

The people of Flatbush, L. I., recently suffered from the presence of spook buzzers. They could not account for the horrible sounds that assailed their ears after dark until one evening when the men of the village turned out and captured a couple of mischief makers who were wielding the nerve shattering devices. The prisoners were kept in custody for a while and then liberated on a promise to abandon their annoying style of amusement.

Her First Wasp.

Poor Effie (who has been stung)—First it walked about all over my hand, and it was so nice! But oh!—when it got down